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SHE VENTURES,  
AND  
HE WINS.  
A COMEDY,

Collected  
202, 204.  
1797.  
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Acted at the  
New Theatre,  
IN  
Little Lincoln's-Inn Fields,

By His Majesty's Servants.

*First Edition.*

*Written by a Young Lady.*

L O N D O N.

Printed for Hen. Rhodes, at the Corner of Bride-Lane,  
in Fleet-street; J. Harris, at the Harrow in the Poultry;  
and Sam. Briscoe, at the Corner of Charles-street, in  
Russel-street, near Covent-Garden, 1696. 152

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T H E  
P R E F A C E.

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**I** Dare not venture to send this Play bare-fac'd into the World, without saying something in its Defence: I am very sensible of the many nice Judgments I expose my self to, who may justly find an infinite Number of Faults in it; which, I profess ingenuously, I am not able to mend; for, indeed, I am altogether unacquainted with the Stage and those Dramatick Rules, which others have with so much Art and Success observed. It was the first I ever made Publick by appearing on the Stage, which, (with the Advantage it met with, of admirable Acting) is all the Recommendations I have for exposing it, in its own naked Simplicity, without any Ornaments of Language or Wit; therefore, I believe, the best Apology I can make for my Self and Play, is, that 'tis the Error of a weak Woman's Pen, one altogether unlearn'd, ignorant of any, but her Mother-Tongue, and very far from being a perfect Mistress of that too; and confess I have but just Wit enough to discern I want it infinitely; yet these Rea-

## *The Preface.*

sons which should have dissuaded me, could not conquer the Inclinations I had for Scribbling from my Childhood. And when our Island enjoyed the Blessing of the Incomparable Mrs *Behn*, even then I had much ado to keep my Muse from shewing her Impertinence; but, since her death, has claim'd a kind of Privilege; and, in spite of me, broke from her Confinement.

The Plot was taken from a small Novel; which, I must needs own, had Design and Scope enough to have made an excellent Play, had it met with the good Fortune to have fall'n into better Hands; but, as it is, I venture to send it abroad, where, if it finds but a favourable Reception from my own Sex, and some little Incouragement from the other, I will study in my next to deserve it: Which then, perhaps, may make me ambitious enough to be known; but, in the mean time, I humbly beg the Favour to borrow the Name of

ARIADNE.

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PRO-

# PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BOWMAN, in  
Man's Cloaths.

**T**His is a Woman's Treat yare like to find;  
Ladies, for Pity; Men, for Love be kind;  
Else here I come, her Champion, to oppose  
The two broad-sides of dreadful Wits and Beaux:  
'Tis odds indeed; but if my Sword won't do,  
I can produce another Weapon too. —  
But to my Task, — Our Author hopes indeed,  
You will not think, though charming Aphra's dead,  
All Wit with her, and with Orinda's fled. }  
We promis'd boldly we wou'd do her Right, }  
Not like the other House, who, out of spite,  
Trump'd up a Play upon us in a Night.  
And it was scarcely thought on at the most,  
But Hey-Boys, Presto! conjurd on the Post.  
These Champions bragg'd they first appear'd in Field,  
Then bid us tamely article and yield;  
So did the French, and thought themselves secure;  
But, to their cost, have fairly lost Namur.  
And so much, Gentlemen, by way of Satyr,  
Now I am come to examine your good Nature:  
Since 'tis a Lady hopes to please to Night,  
I'm sure you Beau's will do the Ladies Right.  
Clap ev'ry Scene; and do your selves the honour,  
Loudly to boast the Favours you have done her.  
So may the Play-House, Park, and Mall befriend you,  
And no more Temple-Garden Broils attend you.

# Dramatis Personæ

## M E N.

Sir Charles Frankford, Brother to <i>Charlot</i> , in Love with <i>Juliana</i> .	}	Mr. Boman.
Sir Roger Marwood, Friend to Sir Charles.		Mr. Scudamore.
<i>Lovewell</i> , a younger Brother of small Fortune, married to <i>Charlot</i> .	}	Mr. Hudson.
<i>Freeman</i> , a Vintner, Husband to <i>Urania</i> .		Mr. Freeman.
Squire <i>Wouldbe</i> , a proud pragmatical Coxcomb of poor extraction, Husband to <i>Dowdy</i> .	}	Mr. Doger.

## W O M E N.

<i>Charlot</i> , a Rich Heiress.	}	Mrs. Bracegirdle.
<i>Juliana</i> her Cousin, in Love with Sir Ch. Frankford.		Mrs. Boman.
<i>Bellasira</i> , in Love with Sir Rog. Marwood.		Mrs. Martyn.
<i>Urania</i> , Wife to <i>Freeman</i> .		Mrs. Barry.
<i>Dowdy</i> , wife to Squire <i>Wouldbe</i> , pretending to rule her Husband, yet always jealous and uneasy.		Mrs. Bowtel.
Mrs. <i>Beldam</i> , her Mother, a Pawn-broker.		Mrs. Lee.
Doll, <i>Urania</i> 's Maid.		Mrs. Lawson.

Servants.

Waiters.

Chairmen.

Bayliffs.

Turnkey, &c.

# She Venters, and He Wins, &c.

## A C T I.

### S C E N E I.

*Enter Charlot and Juliana in Mens Cloaths.*

**J**U L. Faith, *Charlot*, the Breeches become you so well 'tis almost pity you should ever part with 'em.

*Char.* Nor will I, till I can find one can make better use of them to bestow 'em on, and then I'll resign my Title to 'em for ever.

*Jul.* 'Tis well if you find it so easie, for a Woman once vested in Authority, tho' 'tis by no other than her own making, does not willingly part with it: But, prithee Child, what is thy Design? for I am yet to learn.

*Char.* Why, to ramble the Town till I can meet with the Man I can find in my heart to take for better for worse. These Cloaths will give us greater Liberty than the scandalous World will allow to our Petticoats, which we could not attempt this Undertaking in without hazard to our Modesty. Besides, should I meet with the Man whose outside pleases me, 'twill be impossible by any other means to discover his Humour; for they are so used to flatter and deceive our Sex, that there's nothing but the Angel appears, tho' the Devil lies lurking within, and never so much as shews his Paw till he has got his Prey fast in his Clutches.

*Jul.* Methinks you that have so true a Notion of that treacherous Sex, should be afraid to venter for fear of being your self deceived.

## She Venters,

*Char.* No, my dear *Julia*, to avoid it is the scope of my Design; for, tho' by Laziness and Ease the generality of Mankind is degenerated into a soft Effeminacy, unworthy of the noble Stamp was set upon their Soul, there still remains a Race retains the Image Heaven made them in, Vertuous, and Just, Sincere and Brave: And such a one I'll find, if I search to the *Antipodes* for him, or else lead Apes in Hell.

*Jul.* But, Dear Child, will not every one think you stark mad for a Husband, to take this extravagant course for one?

*Char.* No sure; none can think one of my Youth and Fortune can want the Tenders of Hearts enough; I'm not obliged to follow the World's dull Maxims, nor will I wait for the formal Address of some Ceremonious Coxcomb, with more Land than Brains, who would bargain for us as he would for his Horse, and talks of nothing but Taxes and hard Times, to make me a good Housewife; or else some gay young fluttering Thing, who calls himself a Beau, and wants my Fortune to maintain him in that Character: Such an opinionated Animal, who believes there needs no more to reach a Ladies Heart than a boon mien, fine Dress, the Perriwig well adjusted, the Hand well managed in taking Snuff, to shew the fine Diamond Ring, if he's worth one; sometimes a conceited Laugh, with the Mouth stretch'd from one Ear to t'other, to discover the white Teeth, with sneak and cringe in an affected Tone, cries Damn me, Madam, if you are not the prettiest Creature my Eyes ere saw! 'Tis impossible for me to live if you are so cruel to deny me; with a world of such foolish stuff, which they talk all by rote; no, my *Julia*, I'll have one who loves my Person as well as Gold, and please my self, not the World, in my choice.

*Jul.* Is there's any such thing as real Love in that false Sex, none sure is so capable to inspire it, as the charming *Charlot*, your Person is indeed infinitely taking, your Humour gay, and Wit refined, and Beauty enough to tempt a Hermit; yet, after all, you'll find it a difficult business to distinguish, which the most zealous Adorations are paid to, your Beauty, or Gold.

*Char.* I warrant thee, Child, I'll take Care of that: But come, to our Affairs in hand.

*Jul.* Where's your Brother?

*Char.* He's safe enough, he dined to Day at Sir Roger Marwood's, where, 'tis twenty to one, he'll be engaged the Evening.

*Jul.* Suppose he should meet us in our Rambles, he'd certainly know us.

*Char.* You're so full of your Suppositions; suppose he should, which there's no great danger of, but at the Play-House, where we'll first steer our Course; he's too discreet to discover us, and too good humour'd to be angry, but will think it one of my mad Frolicks, without other Design, but a little Diversion. But I know from whence your Fear proceeds; which, if you put any more Scruples into my Head, I'll discover; therefore look to your good Behaviour.



*Jul. sighs.* I confess you have me at an Advantage, but that has now no part in my design, to serve you with that little Wit I have; there's a Coach waits us at the Garden-Gate.

*Char.* Allons, my Dear, now Love be propitious.

[*Ex. Char. and Jul.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Freeman, and Urania with a Letter in her Hand.*

*Uran.* Nay, prithee *Freeman*, be not in such a Rage at a thing so contemptibly ugly, that is not worth raising the Passion of a Man; you must trust to my Honesty after all you can do, and, if I design'd you foul play, I would not acquaint you thus freely, as I do, with all the Coxcomb's proceedings: Pray leave him to my management, and for once trust a Woman's Revenge; I'll warrant you I'll handle him so as shall give you more pleasant Satisfaction than any you can propose; nothing so sharpens our Sexe's Invention, as Revenge, the darling Delight of our Nature; and, if I do not pursue mine home, may the Curse of being thought dishonest, without knowing the pleasure of it, fall upon me.

*Freem.* *Urania*, I do not suspect you of any Design to abuse me, but, as I believe you honest, I would have the World do so too. Besides, there is no Fort so impregnable, that may not one time or other, with long Assaults or Stratagem, be taken: But I will have Patience, and see the result of your Designs; and, if they do not satisfy me very well, will then take my own Measures with him.

*Uran.* Agreed, with all my Heart, here is the Letter I just now received from him, and likewise my Answer.

[*Gives him two several Billets.*]

*Freem.* reads.

Dear Mrs. Honyfuckle,

I don't know what a Devil you have done to me, but I can neither eat, drink, or sleep, for thinking of those dear, damn'd Eyes that have set my Heart on fire; let me know when that troublesome Property, your Husband, is out of the way, and I will fly to assure you, I am your devoted Slave,

S. Wouldbe.

*Freem.* Familiar sawcy Fool, I know his Impudence so well, I do not wonder at him : But now for yours.

*Reads.* 'Tis impossible to gain any opportunity by my Husband's being abroad, because then I am confin'd to the Barr; but, if you dare, for my sake, metamorphise your Breeches into Petticoats, but avoiding the seeing of my Husband, and you may pass with all the security possible : To night, in Play-time, will be very convenient, it being a new one, we shall in all likelihood be empty of Company ; so that you may have the opportunity, if you desire it, of being alone, with your obliged humble Servant.

*Freem.* What mean you by this, *Urania*? Sure you mistook when you gave me this Letter? What is your Design? The Devil take me if I can imagine.

[ *Looks furlly.*

*Uran.* Why, first to draw the Woodcock into the Net, and then to use him as I think fit. Pray relie on me, and be not so suspicious, for, if you are, you unravel my whole Design.

*Freem.* I can scarce confine my Anger to a Jest ; but, for once, I trust you, but if you play me false, and make me thus the Property, as he calls me, of my own Disgrace, look to 't, by Heaven I'll murder thee.

*Uran.* Your Threats no way terrifie me, having no Designs that will give you any cause of Displeasure: I'll dispatch away a Messenger to my Gallant, and, in the mean time, give you your Instructions, for you must be assistant to me.

*Freem.* Well, go in, I'll follow you immediately.

[*Ex. Urania.*

*Freeman Solus.*

I never had the least reason to distrust her Honesty, tho' I'm not perfectly satisfied with this Letter of hers; but I'll watch her narrowly, and it shall scape me hard if she deceive me.

[*Exit. Freem.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

St. James's Park.

*Enter Lovewell crossing the Stage; Charlot and Juliana following him in Mens Cloaths.*

Char. Thus far we have kept sight of him, see we don't loose him now.

Jul. No, he's turning again this way.

Charl. Well, if I like his Humour and Sense as well as his Person, my search is at an end; for this is my Man, I believe he'll make an excellent Frugal Husband, he has led us a sweet Jaunt; I am very weary; but must not complain. O, here he comes again, I'll accost him, and try what Mettle he's made of.

Jul. Why sure thou art not stark mad; s'life he'll beat us, do you see how furly he looks.

Char. No Parlyng now; Prepare to second me, whilst I give the Onset.

Jul. Thou'rt a Mad-Wench, but I'll not fly from my Colours.

Char. Well said Girl, now I like thee; but here he is.

*Enter Lovewell, as crossing the Stage, Charlot stops him.*

Char. Give a Stranger leave Sir, to disturb your Meditations, which seem to be as serious; as if you had just received the fatal Nay, and were now breathing Vengeance against Fortune, Love, and Woman-kind.

*[All the while she speaks, he surveys her from Head to Foot.]*

Love. Indeed, you mistake, young Sir, I was thinking of no such Trifles: those Fooleries belong to your Years, or at least are only then excusable, But I believe you'r disposed to be merry, Gentlemen, and at this time I am very unfit Company for you; the serious Humour I am in, will not agree with yours.

Jul. Is it the effects of being crost in some Design, makes you so, or your natural Temper?

Love. Neither Sir, but why does it concern you to know.

Char.

*Char.* Because we would gladly divert it, Sir, would you accept of our Endeavours towards it, by admitting us into your Company.

*Ful.* There's nothing so pernicious to Health, as the indulging of Melancholy, and we having a particular interest in yours, must by no means leave you with so dangerous a Companion.

*Love.* A particular Interest in my Health, for what end, Sir?

*Char.* Oh, for several: My future Happiness and all my Joy on Earth depends upon it, had I as many Lives as *Argus's* Eyes, I'd hazard 'em all for the preservation of yours.

*Love.* Hey day! whence grows this mighty kindness? I fear Sir, you are mistaken; I do not remember I ever had the honour to see you before.

*Char.* I have evidences enough confirms me, you're the Man that has cruelly robb'd a near and dear Relation of mine of her Repose for ever, and except you restore it her by reciprocal Love, I fear the worst effects of this unhappy Passion.

*Love.* Oh Sir, I find you design to divert your self instead of me.

[*Love walking off.*]

*Char.* By Honour, Truth, and all that's Sacred, I'm serious.

[*Char. catching hold off him.*]

*Love.* Well Sir, bring me to the Lady, I'm not so cruelly inclined, to let a pretty Woman languish for any civil Kindness I can do her.

*Char.* O Heavens! *Julia*! if he should be Married! I dare not proceed, till I know, do you ask him the Question, for I have not Courage.

[*Char. aside to Julia.*]

*Ful.* Never fear it, he has not the Slovenly Air of a Married Man, but you shall soon be satisfied.

Pray Sir, give me leave to ask you an impertinent Question. Are you Married?

[*To him.*]

*Love.* Heavens forbid, 'tis the only happiness I can boast.

*Char.* Perhaps you may find it a greater than you are aware of, before we part, if you use it to your advantage.

*Ful.* What think you, Sir, of a young Beautiful Lady with a great Fortune, who loves you well enough to throw her self into your Arms? Could you find in your Heart think you to refuse her.

*Love.* Why Faith, my little Acquaintance, these would all very well agree with a Man under my circumstances; but pray Gentlemen, unriddle, and let me know the good Fortune you tantalize me with.

*Char.* Well Sir, I will most faithfully discharge my Message, I have as I told you, a Relation that is infinitely dear to me, who is, if the World does not flatter her, not Unhandsome; Young I'm sure she is, and not Ill-humour'd, but what supplies all Defects, is a Fortune not despicable, being by the Death of her Mothers Father, who was a Rich *East-India* Merchant, possit of 1500 *l.* a Year, besides a considerable value in Money and Jewels; but what renders her most worthy of your Affections, is that she passionately loves you, loves you

you to Madness, from the first Moment she saw you, and must be ever miserable to live without you.

*Ful.* Alas, it is not possible she can live at all, without a suitable Return to her Affection, you cannot sure Sir, be cruel to a young Lady.

*Love. Looks furly.* Ah poor Lady, it may be so. [To Julian.

But you had best Sir, put your Friend upon some other Subject, for we shall not be Company for each other long, if he proceeds in this, one of you I presume have been dabling with your Lady's Mothers Woman, and wants a convenient Tool to cover shame; you were strangely ill-advis'd to pick me out, there be Cullies enough to serve your gross purpose; for whatever Opinion you may have of your moving Rhetorick, you'll find it no easie matter to impose upon a Man, who has had more Experience of the Town than your Years will give you leave to know. 'Tis your Youth indeed that best excuses your Folly, in attempting a Man you have no reason either from his Character (if you ever heard it) or that Conversation you have had with him, to think a Fool fit for the use I find you design me. [Is walking off.

*Char.* By Heaven, and all that's good, you do me wrong: I'm sensible how hard a matter it would be to impose on you, or did she think you so, I'm sure would scorn you; may all the Happiness I wish my self, prove endless Torments, if every Word I have said, be not sincerely true.

[Char. holds him and looks concerned.

*Love.* What, I warrant, 'tis some good Pious Alderman's Wife, that finding her Husband defective, wants a Drudge to raise an Heir to the Family, 'tis indeed the common Game we younger Brothers live by.

*Ful.* Sir, does our Habits or Addresses merit no better an Opinion, than so sordid a Thought of us: Besides, did we not tell you, she is a Rich Young Heiress, and consequently unmarried.

*Love.* Pardon me, Sir, I had forgot that, but there follows a greater mischief; she's, I suppose, for Honourable Love: No, I'm for none of that. If she'll accept of a Civil Kindness or so, I'll do my best to please her.

*Char.* When I have told you Sir, that this Lady whom you please to be so witty upon, is Sister to Sir Charles Frankford, think if you can hope for any thing from her, but what Marriage which you so much despise, entitles you to; if you do not know him, give your self the trouble to enquire after him, and his Sister Charlot, whom perhaps you may not find so contemptible, as you imagine; or at least if she does not merit your Love, she may a little more respect.

*Love.* This looks very real, it may be true, and I like an unlucky Dog be too incredulous. [Aside.

Sir, I most earnestly intreat your Pardon, Sir Charles Frankford I know very well, and have often heard of his beautiful Sister, but yet you must give me leave to distrust my own merit, so much as to think she cannot cast away a Thought, much less her Love on so unworthy an Object of it, as the unhappy Lovewell.

Char.

*Char.* You're as suspicious as an old Lady, that Marries a Young Man, is of a Handsome Chamber-Maid, (but no more Doubts and Scruples dear Infidel, but if you resolve to Marry this kind-hearted Lady, make me the Messenger.

*Love.* Well, conduct me to the Lady, we shall make the best Bargain, I hope you would not have me Marry without seeing her.

*Char.* No Sir, be to Morrow Morning exactly at Nine a Clock, at *Rosamond's Pond*, she'll meet you there with one Lady more, both mask'd, she that gives you her Hand, accept with it her Heart and Person, but come not, if you do not fully resolve to Marry her; consider of it till to Morrow Morning. Come Cozen, I believe by this time we have tired the Gentleman of our Company.

*Jul.* But first, let's know your final Resolution.

*Love.* 'Tis to meet the Lady however.

*Jul.* We may trust to her Charms for the rest.

*Char.* Well Sir, adieu, remember Nine.

*Love.* Fear not, I'm too much pleas'd with the imagination of my approaching Happiness to forget it.

*Char.* We'll set you down where you please.

*Love.* With all my Heart, I lodge in *Leicester-fields*.

*Char.* That's in our way, come Sir.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*The End of the First Act.*

ACT

# ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Squire VVouldbe, with a Letter in his Hand, Reading.*

**I** Am the luckiest Fellow that ever was born, I was surely wrapt in my Mother's Smock, none of all the weak Sex can find in their Heart to deny me: I have most powerful Charms, that's certain. But Oh, ye Gods! that a Man of my Parts should be born of such mean Parents! I must hasten, for 'tis near Six.

*Enter Dowdy.*

*Squire VVouldbe puts the Letter hastily up.*

*Sq. Wouldbe.* Pox on her, now shall I be plagu'd with her Impertinence.

*[Aside.]*

*Dow.* Nay, I will see that Paper, what is it you put up so hastily: Let me see you Rebel you, for I'm resolv'd I will see it, that I will.

*[Running to him.]*

*Sq. Wouldbe.* See, what would you see? 'tis nothing but a Libel. There, take it, bid the Maid bring my Cloak and my Sword; I'm just sent for out, to a Client.

*[Gives her a wrong Paper.]*

*Dow.* Is this all? here take it again; but you shan't go out to ne'er a Client in *England*, that you sha'nt: Marry gap! Go to a Client, and leave me to Sup alone, after I have got a Hot Supper for you too. You Don't care for my Company, that you don't: I don't care, I'll go and tell my Mother, that I will, I won't be used so.

*[Gives him the Paper.]*

*[Crys and Smivels as she speaks:]*



*Sq. Wouldbe.* I must wheedle the Fool; not that I care for the Mother more than the Daughter, but I shall lose many a good forfeited Pawn in the Year, if any Complaints are made. *[Aside.]*

*Dow.* What's that you mutter to your self? I swear and protest I will go to my Mother, and make her fetch Home all the Plate and Linnen in your House, you Rebel you, and see where you can get more: Was not I the making of you? Now you'd leave me, and a Hot Supper, for a Client. Marry come up. *[She going off, he catches hold of her.]*

*Sq. Wouldbe.* Nay, prithee Bunny, don't be nangry; as true as I am God A'mighty's Child, I'll come Home to Supper; pay Bunny let I go.

*[Makes a Courtesy and looks simply.]*

*Dow.* You shant go, that you shant, you Rebel you.

*[She pouts and looks surly.]*

*Sq. Wouldbe.* If you won't let me go to my Clients, how shall I be able to maintain my Family. Let me go Bunny, and indeed and indeed I'll give you a Fine New Petticoat, such a one as your Neighbour Mrs. *Whateaucallum* has.

*Dow.* But will you come Home to Supper then at Eight a Clock?

*Sq. Wouldbe.* I will truly; Bunny, what have you got?

*Dow.* A most lovely Buttock of Beef and Cabbage; do Puggey, pray come Home. Ha, but will you? *[Fawns upon him, and Kisses him.]*

*Sq. Wouldbe.* Deed I will Mrs. *Honyfuckle*, t'm d'ive I one, two te Busses, pay, one mo: B'y Bunny.

*Dow.* Your a Wicked Man, well go, but make haste Home.

*Sq. Wouldbe.* Heaven make thankful, I am at last rid of her nauseous fondness. *[Aside.]*

B'y b'y, I'll take my Cloke within.

*[Exit. Sq. Wouldbe.]*

*Dow.* B'y dear Rogue, oh 'tis a sweet natured Man, he's strangely fond of me.

*Enter Beldam.*

How now Daughter, where's my Son?

*Dow.* He's just gone our Mother, but he'll come Home again to Supper.

*Bel.* He'd best, or he may look for the Point Cravat: I have here for him a Forfeited Pawn, of no less than one of the King's Officers, Mr. *Constable* of our Parish, 'tis almost spick and span new, he never wore it but of Sundays. But are you sure Daughter, he'll come back to Supper, or else I will not leave it.

*Dow.* O, I am sure he will, for he promised me, and he's never worse than his Word. Poor Rogue! O, he's the kindest Wretch, Mother, that ever



*and He Wins:*

II

ever was, he grows fonder and fonder every day than other. Won't you sup with us Mother? Poor Wretch, he longs to see you.

*Bel.* No, Daughter, I cannot stay, I have appointed a Customer to be at Home at Seven, to take in a Silver Tankard, which I will send to you, for that you have, is call'd Home, and I am to return it to Morrow; this is one much of the same value, the change will hardly be perceived.

*Dow.* But you will bring it before you take the other Home I hope; for my Puggey will drink out of nothing but Silver.

*Bel.* Ai, Ai, that I will, since you say my Son is so good, you shall have any thing. Here, take what I have brought for him; remember my love to him, and so good Night, Daughter; I must be gone.

*Dow.* Good Night, Forfooth, if you must.

[*Exit. Bel.*

'Tis a rare thing to have such a Mother; she's always giving my Puggey one good thing or other, which makes him take care to please me: she will one time or other disgrace me, by coming in her every Day Cloaths; I am ashamed to call her Mother in them.

*Exit. Dow.*

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C 2      S C E N E

## S C E N E II.

*Sir Charles's Garden.*

*Enter Sir Charles Frankford and Sir Roger Marwood, with Musick.*

*Sir Char.* I think *Sir Roger*, we must give my Sister, and Cozen *Julia*, an Essay of our Serenade; the Song is pretty, and may properly be applied to any of the fair Sex: But is it not very gallant to treat a Sister thus?

*Sir Roger.* I believe, *Sir Charles*, if *Madam Juliana* had not a greater share in it than your Sister, she'd lose her part in this Entertainment.

*Sir Char.* I must own my fair Cozen has charm'd me; but I have of late observ'd her grown so thoughtful, I fear her Heart already is engag'd, which makes me fear to own any Pretensions to it.

*Sir Roger.* She cannot sure be insensible to the Brother of *Charlot*, whom she so tenderly loves; advance your Addresses, you have a good Advocate.

*Sir Char.* No, I'll see that Mad Sister of mine dispos'd of first: I'd give Five Hundred Guineas to see her in love; for I dare not own my being so, till she's a little tamed. She'll only make me her sport, as she does all Mankind besides.

*Sir Roger.* I think *Sir Char.* you should rather give it to secure her from it if possible; for what Assurance have you she will not blind with that mad Passion, be betrayed to match her self to one unworthy of her Merit, and bring an Alliance to your Family, you'd blush to own.

*Sir Char.*

Sir Char. No, I dare swear for her; however frolicksome she is in her Humour, she'd scorn to look on any Thing was basely born: but I have often heard her declare she would, when ever she married, match her self where she found more Merit than Estate. I know so well her Pride in that Concern, I dare trust the Honour of our Family in the Hands.

Sir Rog. Then if she should throw her self away upon some well-born younger Brother, not worth a Groat, I find you would easily forgive her.

Sir Char. She has a plentiful Fortune, enough to make any Man happy; she's free and absolute, and has as much Right to dispose of her self and Fortune as I of mine.

Sir Rog. It argues but little Kindness, for your Sister to be so careless of her Advantage.

Sir Char. You need not instruct me in my Kindness for my Sister, she never found any want of it, nor shall she. But whence comes your Concern for her, Sir Roger?

Sir Rog. As she's the Sister of my dearest Friend: But come, let's have that Song. Are you sure they're together?

Sir Char. They seldom part so soon, you know. Come, Gentlemen, let's have the Song.

[To the Musick.

## SONG.

**Y**oung Celinda's youthful Charms,  
Fills the admiring Town with wonder;  
The stubbornst Heart, her Eyes alarms,  
And makes them to her Power surrender.

*Face, and Shape, and Wit so rare !*

*Heavens Master-piece she was design'd :  
A graceful Mien, and such an Air,  
Nothing excells it but her Mind.*

*Tho' Women envy, Men admire ;  
Her Eyes, in all, do Love inspire.*

*Sir Rog.* I think the Door opens.

*Sir Char.* Pray, Gentlemen, retire a little, we'll come to you immediately in the Street. [ *Ex. Musick.*

*Enter Charlot and Juliana in their own Cloaths ; and Betty.*

'Tis they, let's get behind this Arbour, from whence we may discover what they say ; they certainly will go in there ; 'tis the usual place of discoursing their Secrets in : Perhaps I may pay for my listening ; but I cannot resist so sweet a temptation.

[ *They go behind the Arbour ; Charlot and Juliana go into the Arbour. Julian's Maid stays without.*

*Charlot speaks as she enters the Arbour.*

I told you 'twas but your Fancy ; I was sure no Musick, nor no one else, but my Brother, would enter here, and he is not at home. Now, my dear *Julia*, do not you applaud my happy Fortune ? Is it not better, thus to chuse for One's self amongst a Multitude, than out of a few, whose Interest, more than Love, solicites me ? If all things prove but successful to my Wishes, in this Affair, I shall be perfectly happy ; if my dear *Julia* was but so, I could not wish my self another Joy.

*Jul.* Nothing would more alleviate my Grief, than constantly to see you so ; which is the hearty wish of your unhappy Friend.

*Char:*

*Char.* You heighten your own Trouble, by your obstinate refusal to let him know; what I am sure he'd accept with Joy: For Heavens sake let me tell him, I'm confident he'll bless me for't, and so will you hereafter.

*Ful.* I'll sooner yield my Body to the Stake, than own a Passion for a Man thinks me not worth his taking notice of: No, my dear *Charlot*, I beg you to conceal it, as you would do a fatal Secret, that would betray my Life; for, the first Minute he discovers it, I'll put it out of his Power ever to see me more.

*Char.* It grieves my Soul, to see you thus afflicted, and will not give me leave to ease your Pain; but, be assured, I never will betray the least of all your Thoughts, without your free Consent.

*Ful.* No matter what becomes of wretched *Juliana*, so my dear *Charlot*'s happy.

*Char.* Take but the same Method, and you may be so too; for, should my Designs fail, the way I've laid them, I'll openly own them, and then I do not fear being denied; tho' 'twould vex me heartily, to miss the Pleasure of knowing, whether I'm belov'd or not.

*Ful.* Alas! your Passion's but in jest; you do not yet know the Torments, to wake whole Nights with restless Thoughts.

*Char.* No, no, never will; where ere I lov'd, I'd tell him so, and break that useless piece of Modesty, impos'd by Custom, and gives so many of us the Pip.

*Ful.* I wish I had your merry Heart; but I am now so serious, that the least jest is unfavoury to me. Prithee *Betty* sing the last new Song I gave you.

*Char.* Nay, if thou'rt come to Rhiming, thou'rt in Love indeed.

## S O N G.

**R**estless in Thoughts, disturb'd in Mind,  
 Short Sleep's deep Sighs: Ah much, I fear,  
 The inevitable Time assign'd,  
 By Fate, to Love's approaching near.

When

When the dear Object present is,  
 My flutt'ring Soul is all on fire :  
 His sight's a Heaven of Happiness ;  
 And, if he stays, I can't retire.

Tell me, some one, in Love well read,  
 If these be Symptoms of that Pain.  
 Alas, I fear, my Heart is fled,  
 Enslav'd to Love, and Love in vain.

*Char.* That's your own Fault : But come, let's in, the Air grows cool.

*Jul.* I'll wait on you to your Chamber, and there leave you to your Repose.  
 [Exit. *Char. Jul. and Bet.*

*Sir Charles comes forward and speaks.*

Well, what think you now, *Sir Roger*, had I not reason for my Suspicion ? I have paid for my Curiosity ; but I am only too well assur'd of what I fear'd before.

*Sir Rog.* Suppose, *Sir Charles*, you should prove the Man : I dare believe I guess not much amiss, who should your Sister take such Liberty with, as to offer to declare a business of that nature to, but to you ?

*Sir Char.* I wish no happier Fortune : But much I fear my Stars are not so kind. [Sighs.

*Sir Rog.* We forget our Musick ; or, at least, they'll think so.

*Sir Char.* Come, let's to 'em.

[Exit. *Sir Charles and Sir Roger.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Tavern Kitchen.

Enter Freeman, Urania and Cook-Maid.

*Ura. Doll*, do you be sure to keep the Kitchen clear, we must be as quick as possible for fear of Interruption by Companies coming in.

*Freem.* Pl—— on him, if he would but make haste, there is now but one Company in the House.

*Doll looking out.* O he's here, Sir, just got out of a Chair.

*Ura.* Run you *Doll*, and bring him in here; and get you gone, *Freeman*, you know your end. [*Ex. Doll.*]

*Freem.* I warrant I'll remember it with a Vengeance. [*Ex. Freeman.*]

*Doll returns with Esq; Wouldbe in Womans Cloths, and Exit.*

*Esq; Wouldbe makes a Curtchy, goes up to her.*] Your Servant, sweet Mrs. Strawberry, am not I a pretty Gentlewoman? Now tum dive I a Buis.

*Ura.* Fie Sir, what do you mean, you know there's always Capitulation before a Surrender; you must promise Constancy, Secrecy, and a thousand other things beside, before we come to the main point.

*Esq; Wouldbe,* Heark you dear Child, is this a place to make Conditions in? What a Devil made you bring me into the Kitchen, your Chamber had been a properer place for what we have to say and do?

*Ura.* Ai, but to have sent you up alone, or carried you up directly, might have given cause of suspicion to my Servants, which now I avoid by taking you from hence.

*Esq; W.* Let's lose no time, dear Child, but go where Love and Beauty calls.

*Aside.* I Gad, that was a high touch if it passes for my own.

*To her.* Come, come, do not delay my Bliss, your House begins to fill; and we may lose this blessed Opportunity.

*Ura.* Well, come then, but you must be sure to be very Civil.

*Esq; W.* Ay, ay, as Civil as you desire. [*Leaves off amazedly, hearing Freeman's Voice.*]

*Freeman within aloud.*

*Freem.* A Man, say you, in Womens Cloths with my Wife? D—— him, give me my Sword, I'll stick him to the Wall.

*Ura.* O Heavens what will you do, your betray'd! [*Esq. W. shakes and shows great signs of fear*]

*Sw——*s what shall I do? here's ne'er a Hole to creep in, as I see, that will hide a Mouse.



*She Ventures,*

*Freem. within.* Here, Sirrah, charge this Pistol for me whilst I charge the other, perhaps he's arm'd for a Surprise; but I'll Maul the Dog, I'll lay his Letchery for him I warrant him.

*Ura. seeming in a great fright.* You're a dead Man if you do not do something presently. *[Looking about sees the Cystern.*

Here, here, get into the Cystern, there is as it happens but very little Water in it.

*Esq; W.* Ah Lord, any where so I may but save my dear Life; well this is a Judgment upon me for covering my Neighbour's Wife, if I had been at home with my own, I need not have feared any body. *[Gets into the Cystern.*

*Enter Freeman Armed looking about.*

*Freem.* What have you done with your Metamorphos'd Gallant, produce him you'd best, for if he escape my Fury you shall feel it, you Jezebel you.

*Ura.* What is't you mean, are you mad to make me and your self ridiculous? I know of never a Gallant that I have, if you do you had best find him out; Who is it puts these Crotchets in your Crown? you never had reason to believe ill of me, and why should you hearken to every Fool's Tale?

*Freem.* Why, had not you a Man with you in Womens Cloths?

*Ura.* I have had no body with me but my Midwife, and if you had come sooner you might have examined if you pleased.

*Freem.* Indeed *Urania*, I am too blame to suspect you upon every idle story; but I was told that *Esq; Wouldbe* was with you in Womens Cloths; pray forgive my Passion.

*Ura.* Indeed you are unkind, but I can forgive you more than this.

*Freem.* Have an Eye to the Bar, for I am sent for out, but will not stay. *[Ex. Freeman.]*

*Esq; Wouldbe peeps out.*

*Esq; Wouldbe.* Is he gone? I'm almost drowned, the Water's come in ever since I've been here.

*Ura.* He is, you may venture forth.

*Aside.* Pray Heaven I hold from laughing.

*Esq; Wouldbe comes out dropping wet.*

*Esq; Wouldbe.* What shall I do, I shall catch my death, with all these wet Cloths about me?

*Ura.* Here, take this Key, and go up to the Star, there's a Bed provided for you, and as soon as I can secure my Husband I'll come to you.

*Esq; W.* Dear kind charming Creature, how you revive me? but are you sure he's gone now, and the coast clear, for 'tis impossible I can take Sanctuary in the same place agin, for by this time 'tis full of Water.

*Ura.* You'll have no more occasion, I hope, but if you should, I think you must hide there in the Feather-Tub; pointing to a Feather-Tub.

*Esq;*



*Esq; W.* I wish I had seen that before, t'would have saved me a Ducking.

*Ura.* Alas, I forgot it in my fright, but you had best be gone for fear of a Surprize again.

*Just as he goes to the Door, he here's trampling within, returns in a great Fright, and jumps into the Feather-Tub, and says,*

Ay Lord he's here again.

*Ura.* This was such an unexpected Jest, I shall burst with Lauging.

*She goes to him.]* 'Tis only your fear, here's no body coming, my Husband's gone out, and will not return this hour.

*Esq; W. comes Out all over Feathers.]* For the Lord's sake don't let me stay here I shall be frighted out of my wits.

*Ura.* Go as soon as you please, lock your self in, and put the Key under the Door against I come.

*Esq; W.* See, see, is there no body stirring?

*Ura.* Not a Mouse, go make haste.

*[Exit Esq; Wouldbe.]*

*Enter Freeman Laughing.*

So I think I have had my Jest too to make him go into the Feather-Tub.

*Ura.* You heard me mention it, did you?

*Freem.* Yes, and I knew his fear would make him take to it upon the least noise; are all things in readiness above?

*Ura.* Ay, never fear, let me alone for Mischief.

*[Ex. Freem. and Ura.]*

*The end of the Second Act.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Scene draws, discovers Esq; Wouldbe undressing himself to go to Bed.*

*Wouldbe.* MY fright's amost over, but I'm plaguy Wet and Cold, P——  
confound the Cuckold.

*[Going towards the Bed with the Candle in his Hand falls in at a Trap-Door up to his Neck, and puts his Candle out.]*

Hey! what the Devil's come to me now; am I going quick to Hell?

*Enter two Devils with Torches, and point at him.*

Help! help! will no body come to my rescue? the Devil's come for me indeed.

*She Ventures,*

*Dance. Enter two more Devils, who join in a Dance with other two frightening and seizing him, he crys out and shews great signs of fear after the Dance; two more enters and sings.*

*Devil. Say Brother Devil say, what must be done,  
 With this wicked Mortal, whose Glass is now run,  
 Wee'll dip him in Styx to abate his hot Lust,  
 Then headlong to Hell we the Letcher will thrust;  
 Wee'll laugh at his Torments and jest at his Groans,  
 The Horns he design'd he shall feel in his Bones.  
 Let's away with him then to great Pluto our King,  
 Who expects before this the lewd Victim wee'll bring.  
 [They take him up and carry him off, who roars out help, The Devil the Devil.*

*Enter Freeman and Urania Laughing.*

*Freem.* So I think we have sufficiently frightened the Fool, but what hast order'd them to do with him now?

*Ura.* To carry him home just in the pickle he's in to his Wife.

*Freem.* Sure the Coxcomb will never venture hither again?

*Ura.* If he do, my next Revenge shall be more home.

*Freem.* I would at any time lose a Nights sleep for so much sport: 'Tis time to raise the rest of the Family, and then try to get a little sleep.

*Ura.* With all my heart, my Head akes a Laughing.

## SCENE II.

*Mr. Lovewell knocks at a Door, Enter Servant.*

*Love.* Is Sir Roger Marwood within?

*Servant.* Yes Sir, I'll acquaint him you are here, if you please to walk in.

*[Lovewell goes in, returns, and after him Sir Roger dreit to go out.*

*Love.* Sir Roger, your Servant, you're an early riser I see; I thought I had been time enough to your levee?

*Sir Roger.* That you might have been, had not Sir Charles Frankford sent in great haste to speak with me; for early rising is not a fault I am often guilty of.

*Love.* You are very happy, Sir Roger, to have so free access where so much Beauty is your daily Entertainment; how is it possible to defend your Heart from so many Charms the lovely Charlot, they say, is Mistress of. But is she so beautiful as the Town reports? for I never saw her.

*Sir Rog.* She is indeed beyond Imagination, but of so strange and fantastical a Humour no one can please her; you have more right to pretend to her Favours than I, for she so much declares against a Man of an Estate, I dare not think of Addressing.

*Love.* That can be only an extravagant way of Talking, she cannot think an Estate, where 'tis but an Embellishment to both Qualifications, a Fault.

*Sir Rog.* Sir *Charles* indeed is of your opinion, but I am much mistaken if he does not quickly find it, the real Sentiments of her Heart; for last Night we heard she and Madam *Juliana*, her Cozen, discoursing in the Garden; she talkt of Love and some design she had in hand to day, she fear'd being crost in, but what that was Heaven knows.

*Love. aside.* Hah, this absolutely confirms me, 'tis real, I am impatient till I see her; well Sir *Roger*, I'll take my leave of you, I hinder your intended visit.

*Sir Rog.* I must confess, I am very eager to see Sir *Charles* in hopes to hear more of his Sister's design.

*Love.* Shall I see you any where in the Evening, Sir *Roger*?

*Sir Rog.* With all my heart.

*Love.* Where?

*Sir Rog.* I shall be at *Lockets* from 8 to 10 or later.

*Love.* I will, if possible, wait on you there.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. St. James's Park.

*Enter Charlot and Juliana Maskt.*

*Jul.* I see you'll really meet him then?

*Char.* Ay, and marry him too, if he has Courage enough to venture on me.

*Jul.* 'Tis a strange Resolution, Heaven send you may never have reason to repent it; think well, my Dear, what you do, consider it is irrevocable.

*Char.* Prithee forbear; Thy serious Notions almost spoil my design; but know my *Juliana*, I have given him my Heart, and will my Person, for I passionately love him.

*Jul.* I wish him worthy of his happy Fortune; the time draws near; does not your Heart go a pit-a-pat?

*Char.* Yes, for fear he'll not come.

*Jul. looking out.* That care is at an end, prepare for the Combat, for yonder comes your Antagonist.

*Char.* 'Tis he indeed, my Courage almost fails me, but 'tis too late to retreat; I'll stand the brunt let what will be the event.

*Enter Love, and gazes on them. Charlot. advances towards him, pulls off her Glove and gives him her Hand, which he kisses.*

*Love.* If the whole Piece prove as beautiful as this Sample, I find I'm undone already; come unmask, dear Madam, and kill me quite.

*Jul.* Not to shew a better Face, but better Nature; I'll give her my Sample.

[*Pulls off her Mask.*]

*Love.* 'Twas kindly said and done.

*To Char.* But I gad Madam, if you mean to preserve the Conquest of my Heart intirely to your self, you'd best put by that cloud, for there are dangerous Eyes.

[*Looking at Juliana.*]

*Fin.*

*Ful.* She'll soon reduce the Rebel to his Obedience, convince him of the Truth, by shewing him a Prospect of that Heaven which is allotted for him.

*Char.* No, I'll leave it to his Imagination, which perhaps may be to my advantage; and if you have Courage enough to venture on me as you see me, here's my Hand and Heart, and all that's mine to be intirely yours.

*Love.* 'Tis a large Proffer; but I'm for none of Fortune's blind Bargains, come upon the square, dear Lady, and I am for you; I ever had an aversion to a Vizir-Mask, it shall be one of my Articles, that from this day forward you shall never wear one.

*Char.* With all my heart, conditionally that this day the only one in which I must reign, I may wear it at pleasure.

*Love.* After you have discovered that Face which is to charm me out of my Liberty, I'll agree to all you desire.

*Char. pulling off her Mask.* As you're a Man of Honour, stand to your word, for now I claim you as my own.

*Love. eagerly kissing her Hand.* By Heavens, an Angel! dear charming Creature, dispose of your happy Slave for ever; I am now no more the cautious ill-natur'd Fellow, I have been all this time; I am all o'er Love and Rapture, come lovely Creature, lets away to Church, where I may make you mine without danger of ever losing you.

*Char. Laughing.* Mercy on me! what an Alteration's here! from whence proceeds this mighty Change?

*Love.* Could you expect less from that bewitching Face, enough to tempt *Diogenes* from his Tub, and make that surly Stoick turn Epicure; Heaven never made such dazzling Beauty but to do Miracles, I'm now Love's Convert.

*Aside.* So I find I'm a Woman's Ass already, I am downright damnably in Love, and will through this Matrimonial Gulph, if I perish in the attempt.

*Char.* You're very serious Sir, pray don't consider too much, I may chance to lose a Husband by it.

*Love.* I am thinking how very happy I shall be when the Divine *Charlot's* mine; come dear Madam, I will delay my bliss no longer.

*Char.* Ay, for Heavens sake, let's away while this Passion lasts, this Violence will soon be over, and then the Tide will turn.

*Love.* It never, never shall, dear charming Angel.

*Char. to Ful.* Come Cozen, you must be our Witness.

*Ful.* I wish I may be ever so to all that makes you happy. [Exeunt om.]

SCENE

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Esq; Wouldbe and Dowdy.*

*Esq; W.* Nay, pray dear Bunny, don't be nangry indeed and indeed ; I was taken up by the Watch and carried to the Round-house.

*Dow.* Yes, yes, a likely matter, and how came you out pray ?

*Esq; W.* Why the Devil sent four of his Life-guard, and took me out by main force.

*Dow.* Don't think to make a Fool of me, but tell me the truth, you'd best, you Rebel you ; who was it brought you home, they lookt like Devils indeed ; but how come you in this pickle to come home without your Cloths ?

*Esq; W. Aside.* What the Devil shall I say now ! *[Pauses a little.]*  
Why indeed Bunny I cannot tell, for I was damnable Drunk, and did not know I was in the Round-house till I wakt this Morning and found my self there : Pray Bunny forgive I, as true as I am God Almighty's Child, I won't do so no more. *[Kneels and makes pitiful Fates.]*

*Dow.* Get you gone, you Fool, and don't make your self such an Ass ; you are like to wear your old Cloths till *Easter*, for you shall have no new ones.

*Esq; W.* Nay, pray Bunny now don't be so nangry ; indeed I do love Bunny. *[Rises, kisses and fawns on her.]*

*Dow.* You have such a way with you ; well, come then, but will you be good ?

*Esq; W.* I will indeed Bunny, go and bid the Maid warm my Bed, for I am very weary with my last Nights Lodging ; if any body comes to speak with me, let me not be disturbed.

*Dow.* I will my Dear, poor Wretch, I'll go and make you some Butter'd-Ale too. *[Exeunt Dowdy.]*

*Esq; W.* Ay do, so I have appeas'd one Fool ; I'm damn'd Mad at this Disappointment, if I thought *Urania* had a hand in it, I'd be revenged of her, by Publishing to the Town I had lain with her ; I did verily believe the Devil had run away with me, till I discover'd one of them to be *Ben the Drawer* ; 'twas certainly a Contrivance of *Freeman's*, I'll return it to him with the honourable Badge of a pair of Horns. I'll sleep three or four Hours, and then write to her for another Appointment, I doubt not but the kind Soul is willing.

*[Exit. Esq; W.]*

SCENE

## SCENE. V.

*Enter Lovewell, Charlot, and Juliana, at the Blew Posts in the Hay-market.*

*Love.* Now, my dear *Charlot*, that I can call you mine ; how much I prize the Blessing you shall find by the great Value I shall set on you.

*Char.* You are wonderful Devout, but 'twill ne'er last long : The sawcy Name of Husband will in short time claim its Lawful Authority. But pray Mr. *Lovewell*, hasten Dinner.

*Enter Servants with Dinner.*

*Jul.* 'Tis here you are always happy ; you can but wish and have.

*Love.* Come, Ladies, fall to, if you have any Appetite ; I must restrain mine, though Grace is said.

*Char.* If you have any to what's here lets sit—— Remember this is my Day of Power ; and being the last that I must Reign, you must expect me to be very tyrannical.

*Jul.* All Happiness to you both, and may it ever continue.

[ *Drinks to 'em*

*Char.* As much to dear *Juliana* in the Man she loves.

*Love.* Success and Happiness attend us all. What think you of a Song, Ladies, 'twill give us time to eat.

*Char.* With all my Heart.

*Love.* Call in the Musick there?

[ *Exit Waiter*

*Enters with Musick.*

*To the Musick.* Come, pray oblige us with a Song.

A Dialogue by a Man and Woman.

*Woman.* **O**FT have you told me that you lov'd,  
And askt how I your Flame approv'd ;  
Of Love and Flames I've heard 'tis true,  
Yet never till it came from you.  
But I would know what 'tis so call'd,  
Before my Heart in't be involv'd.

*Man.* 'Tis a desire in the Mind,  
A pleasing Pain, and Joy refin'd.



*Life is a dull insipid Thing,  
Where Love its Blessings does not bring.  
The Gods themselves, who Jov's dispence,  
Have felt its mighty influence.*

*Woman. If Gods that Power have own'd, alas ! I fear  
I strive in vain to keep my Freedom here.*

*Man. Resign it then, and bless me with your love,  
A Glory I'd not change to move  
The brightest Star in all the Orb above.*

*Woman. If you will promise ever to be true,  
My Heart and Freedom I'll give up to you.*

*Man. As well the Needle from his Pole may move,  
As I to Love and Thee unfaithful prove.*

Chorus together.

*In Love and in Pleasure we'll pass all our Nights,  
And each day we'll revel with some new Delights.  
Thus we'll Live, and Love on, till together we Die ;  
And in each others Arms to Elizium will fly.*

[ *Ex. Musick.*

*Char. Now, Mr. Lovewell, you must give my Cozen and I permission to leave you for a little time, to go to the Exchange to provide some Necessaries ; and because I will not leave you idle, pray take Pains to tell that Purse of Gold.*

*Love. Since it must be so, what you please. But I hope you will not make it long before you return.*

*Char. You shall not stay for us half an Hour.*

*Love. Where will you go when you come back ?*

*Char. We'll discourse of that when we meet again ; farewell. Come Cozen.*

[ *Ex. Char. and Juliana.*

*Lovewell waits on them to the Door, returns, sits down, and tells the Gold.*

*Five hundred Pieces ; a pretty Sum, and not unwelcome at this time. I Gad I was a very lucky Fellow to have a pretty rich young Lady thus thrown into my Arms, just in the Ebb of my Fortune.*

*Enter Frank with a Note.*

*Enter Waiter with a Letter.*

*VVait. Here's a Note, Sir, left for you at the Bar, as they went out.*

[ *Ex. VVaiter*

E

*Lov*

*Love.* Ha ! What should be the meaning of this ! [*Opens, and reads.*

—Dispose of your self as your Humour serves you, when you have done with the Employment I left you ; for you will meet at this time with no other Entertainment from your Bride. [*Drawer ready.*

Death, Hell, and Furies ! what can this mean ! Am I thus Jilted at last by some lewd Woman ! O Sot ! that I could think one of *Charlot's* Birth and Fortune would marry at that wild Rate. She only took up that Name to gull the easy Coxcomb, unthinkful Fool ; I could curse my self, her, the Sex, and all the World. What shall I do, O dear damn'd Impostor ! By Heaven I love her so, I can scarce repent I have made her mine ; were she but Honest, which much I fear, I would not change her for the Worlds Empress. But why do I flatter thus a senseless Passion ? This Toad, for ought I know, a leud Prostitute, who only has drawn me in to go to Goal for her. O there it is ! Some false fair Devil, forsaken by her Keeper ; that wanted only a Husband for that use, or else to Father some Body's Child : But however, she is no very poor Whore. [*Shows the Purse.*

But this is no Place to Expostulate in. Here Drawer.

*Drawer.* Did you call, Sir ?

*Enter Dubois.*

*Love.* Ay, what's to pay ?

*Drawer.* All's paid, Sir, by the Ladies ? [*Exit Drawer.*

*Love.* So that's some Comfort still ; come cheer thy Heart, *Lovewell* ; all yet may be well : They're Jilts of Quality however. I believe it is e'en some Lady errant that's run mad reading of *Don Quixot* ; but hang't, jesting is a little Unfavorable at this time. I'll see if I can find out Sir *Roger Marwood*, who may tell me some Tidings of the true *Charlot*, though not of my fair damn'd Devil ; O curse of my Credulity.

Well ; since this damn'd Jilt is gone,  
I am fairly rid of all the Sex in one.

[*Exit Lovewell*

*The end of the Third Act.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Lovewell, and Drawer.*

*Love.* **I**S Sir *Roger Marwood* here ?

*Draw.* Yes, Sir.

*Love.* Who's with him ?

*Draw.* Only Sir *Charles Frankford*.

*Lovewell*



*Love.* Tell them *Lovewell* desires to know if he may have admittance to them. [Enter *Sir Roger*.

*Draw.* Yes, Sir, I will.

*Love.* 'S death, what shall I do? Tell him I'm married, he'll only laugh at me, as all the World will do besides. He's here! Heavens what shall I say?

*Sir Roger.* Why so ceremonious, Mr. *Lovewell*, to your Friends? Come, come in, we are all alone, and shall be glad of a third Person to make us Company.

*Love.* Mine will be but very indifferent at this time; for I'm curfedly out of Humour.

*Sir Rog.* I'm sorry for that, and much more so, if you have any just Occasion; but come we'll endeavour to divert you.

*Love.* 'Twill be ineffectual at this time. (*Aside.*) Call Drawer. [Ex. *Sir Rog.* and *Love*. I'll follow you, Sir.

*Scene draws, discovers Sir Charles Frankford writing at a Table. Glasses and Bottles,*

*Enter to him Sir Roger Marwood, and Lovewell.*

*Sir Charles rises.* Mr. *Lovewell*, your Servant: You'll pardon me I did not wait on you. I was writing an Excuse to my Sister, whom I promised to fetch home from *Kensington* this Evening, but an unexpected Business is fallen out which hinders me. You'll give me leave to make an end. (*Sits down.*)

*Love.* Ay, pray Sir *Charles*.

*To him.* Has Madam *Charlot* been long out of Town, Sir *Charles*?

[*Aside.* So I find I'm indeed ruined, she's out of Town. Oh! I could Curse!

*Sir Char.* She went but this Morning to make a Visit to a Relation we have there, who she brings home with her; I'm sending my Coach for her, she would go this Morning into a Hackny.

*Love.* Ha! some Hopes still. [ *Aside*

*To Sir Char.* If your Coach goes empty, pray, Sir *Charles*, give me leave to make use of it, for I am obliged to be at *Kensington* to Night to mount the Guard.

*Sir Char.* With all my Heart; 'tis at your Service.

*Love.* I'll lose no time then, for fear the Ladies should stay for it.

*Sir Char.* I'm sorry to lose your good Company so soon, but I'm likewise engaged. Here, who waits?

*Enter Drawer.*

*Sir Char.* Bid one of my Servants come to me.

*Draw.* Yes, Sir.

[Ex. *Drawer*  
*Sir Char*

*Enter Footman.*

*Sir Char.* Here, give this Letter to the Coach-man, and bid him carry it to my Sister at my Aunt *Treaters*, and wait on the Gentleman where he pleases.

*Love.* Sir *Charles*, your Servant. Sir *Roger*, yours.

*Aside.* So now if I can but get this Letter from the Coach-man, which I suppose will be no hard matter to effect, I shall certainly find whether it be my *Charlot*, or no.

*Sir Rog.* This *Lovewell*'s a pretty Gentleman. I have often thought he's in all Circumstances the very Man I have heard your Sister wish for to meet in a Husband : But how goes the Business with your fair Cozen *Juliana* ? I dare believe she loves you. [*Ex. Lovewell.*]

*Sir Char.* I dare believe so too : But only as she is a Relation, I fear some happier Man is the Subject of her Sight.

*Sir Rog.* That you may soon resolve your self, by discovering your Passion to your Sister, who knows the deepest Secrets of her Heart.

*Sir Char.* 'Tis true, I may : But I so much fear the Discovery will not be to my Advantage, that I find some Pleasure in being unresolved, to hope the best.

*Sir Rog.* Take Courage, Sir, and try : My Life on't 'tis you, and only you that takes up all her Thoughts.

*Sir Char.* Well, I'll venture, let the Event be what it will : But come, Sir, *Roger*, we shall out stay our time, 'tis now near Six, the Hour which we appointed to be at *Whitehall*.

[*Ex. Sir Char. and Sir Rog.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Freeman and Urania at several Doors.*

*Ura.* I find there is no getting rid of this opinionated Blockhead's sawcy Opportunities, but by exposing him to the whole Town, which I'll venture bearing a Share in to be revenged of him : Hast the Letter *Freeman* ?

*Free.* Yes, here it is. I warrant old Madam *Beldam* catches at it as greedily as she would a Client for her Son.

*Urania*

*Urania takes it, and reads.*

*Madam,*

**I** Cannot see so much Goodness as your vertuous Daughter is possed with, abused so grossly by the Lewdness of her Husband, without (if it is possible) making you sensible of it; if you will be further informed, be this Evening at Seven a Clock in St. James's Park, where you may be convinced how great a Brute he is to her, by finding him with a Wench.

*Your Friend unknown.*

*Ura.* You have adapted it to her Capacity; but I thought you would have writ it to Madam Dowdee her self.

*Free.* O no; it might have lighted in the Husband's Hands, and that would spoil all: But have you answered his Letter?

*Ura.* Yes; and appointed him to be here at Nine, to come in Boldly, and call for a Room, and to let me alone with the rest, which I'd contrive for him. I warrant him I'll be as good as my Word; be sure to get some Cherry Bounce for them, you know they are all Souls.

*Free.* I'll warrant I'll have that shall do their Business for 'em: I'll put the Letter into the Penny Post my self.

*Ura.* And I'll go and see the Chamber prepared for him.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Enter Charlot, Juliana, Bellafira, with a Servant.*

*Char.* A Gentleman say you come in my Brother's Coach with a Letter for me?

*Serv.* Yes, Madam.

*Char.* Do you know his Name?

*Serv.* Yes, Madam, 'tis I think Mr. Lovewell.

*Char.* Go tell him I'll wait on him presently.

[*Exit Serv.*]

Now, my dear Girl, you must assist me, or all my Designs are cross.

*Bell.*

*Bell.* What is it you wou'd have us do?

*Char.* Come in, and I will tell you.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter Lovewell, and Servant.*

*Serv.* Please, Sir, to stay one Moment here, my Lady will come to you presently.

*Love.* Thank you honest Friend. I have easily compassed the Letter; but never was poor unfortunate Lover upon a Rack as I am this Minute, between Hope and Fear.

*Enter Bellafira*

*Love. (aside.)* By Heavens I am lost! It is not my *Charlot*. I am so confounded I know not what to say.

[*Goes to her, and salutes her.*]

Madam, Sir *Charles* made me so happy to be the Messenger of this to his fair Sister, Madam *Charlot*, whom I presume you are.

[*Gives her the Letter.*]

*Bell.* My Name is *Charlot*, and Sister to Sir *Charles Frankford*; but I am amazed why he should give a Gentleman the trouble his meanest Servant could have performed.

*Love.* Ruined and lost! Curst, curst, deluded Fool! (*Aside.*) Madam, 'twas at my earnest Intreaty to have an Opportunity to make me Welcome where I could hope none, but from such an Introducer. I'm so distracted I know not what I say, or do. (*Aside.*)

*Bell.* You seem disorder'd. Sir, are you not well? Please you to sit?

*Love.* No, Madam; I'm taken on the sudden with a strange Dizziness in my Head, nothing but the Air will do me good. Madam, your most humble Servant.

[*Exit Lovewell.*]

*Bell.* So this is but one part over, the greatest yet remains behind: I'll in and dispatch this Letter after him.

[*Exit Bell.*]

*Enter Mrs. Belldam and Dowdy.*

*Dow.* I don't care, I will tell him that I will; and I'll tear his Eyes out, a Rebel as he is.

[*Blubbing and Crying.*]

*Beld.* Nay, pray Daughter be perswaded, that will make him be upon the march; let us go into this *St. James's Park*, and catch him there, and then we'll swing him off both together.

*Dow.* But don't go in that pickle, Mother; 'twill Disgrace me now I am a Gentlewoman. Oh, oh, oh! that he should Cuckold me that have been the making of him.

*Beld.* Have patience, Daughter; perhaps it is a Story laid upon him. I'll go home, and put on my best Cloaths, and come presently.

[*Ex. Beld.*]

*Dow.* Well, I will go and see whether he is there, or no ; but I'll up for a Dram of Comfort, for my Spirits are cast quite down. *Exit Dow.*

SCENE V.

*Enter Lovewell reading.*

**I**F it may be permitted me to hope any thing from the Disorder I see in you at our last Conversation, I would gladly believe it to my Advantage ; the Sight of you has given me an infinite deal of Disquiet, but your Absence an insupportable Pain. I conjure you to return to me with all speed you can, that I may know what Reception my Heart may find with you, upon whom I have bestowed it unaskt. I demand yours in return, upon which depends the Felicity of

Charlot.

*Lovewell speaks, and sighs.*

I would it was in my Power to give.

What has my curst Fortune reserved me for ! Must I ever be her Sport ! I'm Jilted by a false Charlot, when I might have had the true one. But that is not the worst of my Misery ; for to compleat it, and make me truly wretched, I love this False, Unknown, beyond my Reason, and all Things. Here she comes, and I'm more out of Countenance than she'll pretend to be.

*Enter Bellafira.*

*Love.* To answer your Commands, Madam, I am come ; not that I dare wish any thing from the Hopes you give me here. *[Shews the Letter.]*

Such Blessings does not belong to the unhappy Lovewell, who serves only for the Sport of Fortune, and all the World besides.

*Bell.* I believe you found nothing in my Letter, Sir ; (tho I must Blush to own it) but what looks too sincerely to give the least mistrust it was not real : Heaven is not truer than that Charlot Loves, Languishes, and without a grateful Sense of her unbounded Passion, Dies for you.

*Love.* Heaven has not now another Curse in store to make me more unhappy.

*Bell.* Is then my Youth and Fortune so contemptible, that it would only heap up Miseries upon the Man I love ? The generous offer I make you of my Heart is not a common Prize ; no, my dear Lovewell, (he sighs) for I must call you so, 'tis unacquainted in Love's wide Labyrinth, and there will lose its way.

*Love.* Forbear, dear Madam, to distract me with this Angel's Goodness, I am not worthy of the least of all this mighty Kindness, I wish 'twere in my power to give my Heart to her that best deserves it, for none has so just a Claim as she.

the Divine *Charlot*. You have treated me with that Sincerity, that 'twould be a Baseness I never should forgive my self to betray you with such hopes; (Pardon the Expression) I cannot justly give; in short Madam, to my Eternal Confusion I speak it, I am not Master of my Inclinations, I love with all the Ardour of prevailing Passion, a false ungrateful Woman, and what renders my Folly inexcusable, one I know not, nor ever perhaps may see again.

*Bell*. And can you be so unjust to your self, and cruel to me, to scorn my real Love for a Chimera?

*Love*. Express my curst Misfortune by some gentler term, I beg you that does not suit with the respect that I will always pay you.

*Bell*. If you will still prefer a base ungrateful Woman before the truest Love that e'er possess a tender Virgin's Breast, yet grant me this one Boon, that I may always know where to hear of you, I mean no wrong to your ingrate, or to trouble you with the Persecution of my unwelcome Love.

*Love*. Be assur'd, dear Madam, you always shall command me in that and all things else, that lies within my power.

*Bell*. Well Sir, I will not detain you longer in this uneasie Entertainment.

*Love*. *kisses her Hand*. Adieu, dear Madam, you shall very speedily hear of the unhappy *Lovewell*. [Ex. *Lovewell*.]

*Bell*. So I think I have done pretty well for a young beginner, but I must give an account of my success, that I believe they have heard it all.

[Exit *Bell*.]

### SCENE V. *St. James's Park.*

*Enter Beldam and Dowdy*, Beldam *drest in an old fashion Point Coif, a lac'd Mazarene Hood over her Face, an A-la-mode Scarf lac'd round ruffled full behind, both Mask'd.*

*Bell*. I wonder how the Misses, as they call 'em do, that were these Masks, I never wore one before; I am all in a Sweat with it, how can you bear yours? [Pulls off her Mask and wipes her Face.]

*Dow*. Oh, I have learnt to wear one since I was a Gentlewoman.

*Enter several Men and Women crossing the Stage.*

*Beld*. What a World of fine Folks here is, but I don't see my Son yet?

*Dow*. He may be at 'other side, let us go round.

*Enter Freeman.*

*Freem*. So, there's my Game, (to them.) You seem Ladies, to be in search of some body, can I assist you?

*Dow*. You? why, what are you?

*Freem*. A Knight Adventurer, to serve all pretty Ladies.

*Beld*.



**Beld.** What, I warrant you, you take us for Misses now, because we have got Masks; but I'd have you to know my Daughter and I are not for your turn, we are none of this end of the Town Folks.

**Freem.** Pray good angry old Gentlewoman, I mean no harm, nor do not take you for any of this end of the Town Ladies; but would perhaps if you would accept the Service, help you to a sight of him you come to find.

**Dow.** Why, how do you know who we come to find?

**Freem.** Know, why I know by the Stars, not only that, but all your most secret Thoughts, did you never hear of *Partridge*?

**Beld.** Yes, he that makes Almanacks, I always buy his, because he Nosticates, as they call it, what will come to pass.

**Freem.** Why, I am he, I can tell you now what you come here for.

**Dow.** O Mother! he may tell me perhaps where we may find my Rebel.

**Freem.** Ay, that's a small matter in my Art, to let you see I perfectly know your Concerns; you come here expecting to find your Husband with his Mis, at *Rosamonds Pond*.

**Beld.** Oh Daughter, this is certainly *Dr. Partridge*, and he can tell this by Strology; may be he may tell us where to find him.

**Dow.** Pray Sir, be so kind if you can.

**Freem.** Can, that's a good one, why, I'll carry you to the very House; nay, the very Room where he is, if you'll go with me.

**Dow.** Your Servant good Sir, I'll go with all my heart, shan't us Mother?

**Beld.** Yes, if the Learned Doctor pleases; but will you go with us, good Sir Doctor?

**Freem.** Yes, that I will, (to *Dowdy*) lets see your Hand Lady, (looks in her Hand) Hah, you were born under *Vulcan*, you must have a care of Horns; I doubt you have been a little too near his Forge already by your Complexion, let me see, you'll have seven Children, as beautiful and wise as the Mother, and as honest and modest as the Father; you'll be a Widow very speedily, that is, within these five or six Years; next Husband shall keep a Coach.

**Beld.** O good Sir, tell me if I shall live to see that day.

[*Shews her hand to him.*]

**Freem.** Yes, you may, if you spare your Brandy-Bottle a little more than you do.

**Beld.** *Aside.* O Lord, I see he knows all I do, I wish he does not find out from whence I furnish my Daughter's House with fine Sugar, Spice, &c. and Candles, and make Mrs. *Lockup* the House-keeper be turn'd out of her place.

**Freem.** Well, come Ladies, shall I conduct you where I promised? I have set a Spell upon him, that he cannot stir till I come.

**Dow.** Ay, come Mother, I long to be at him.

**Beld.** My Fingers itch too, I'll pull off his Point Cravat again with a Vengeance.

**Freem.** Come Ladies, I'll lead the way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter Charlot and Juliana at several Doors.*

*Char.* O Coz. *Juliana*, I was just seeking ; I have a Secret to discover to you gives me a great deal of pleasure ; my Brother is passionately in Love, and just now confest it to me, and has engag'd me to be his Advocate, will not you assist me ?

*Jul.* Cruel *Charlot*, why this to me, do you triumph over my Misfortune ?

*Char.* Unkind *Juliana*, to think I would, 'tis you your self has charmed him.

*Jul.* I fear 'twas Gratitude, and not his Choice, made him think on me unfaithful Creature, to betray to him the dearest Secret of my Life, and force an Inclination, perhaps he ne'er had thought of.

*Char.* By all that's good, my Dear, you wrong me, he own'd it to me with all the signs of Fear your Heart was prepossess'd ; he ever heard our late Conversation in the Garden, and charg'd me if I knew you would not receive his Addresses favourably, never to tell you the least tittle of it ; I gave him so much Encouragement as to revive his hopes.

*Jul.* And so your Discourse ended, did it ?

*Char.* No, I told him then of my Marriage, which he was far from being angry at, but blamed me a little for using of him so ; and promised to forgive me, upon Condition I would prevail with you to accept his Addresses.

*Jul.* You need not doubt succeeding, my Heart too much pleads for him, to need another Advocate.

*Char.* Lers go to my Cozen *Bell*. I left her with my Brother, and flew with all Impatience to bring these happy Tidings. [*Exeunt.*]

*The end of the Fourth Act.*

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## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Charlot and Sir Roger Marwood.*

*Sir Rog.* **Y**OU could not, Madam, have made a better Choice, for *Lovewell* wants not Virtues to make him in all things a compleat Gentleman, but an Estate, which his Elder Brother was born to, and he best deserves ; but why will you use him thus, Madam ?

*Char.* Only to find which he has most Esteem for, my Person or Estate.

*Sir Rog.* That was a Trial to be made before, and not now ; when 'tis not in your power to revoke what you have done.

*Char.* 'Tis, I own, a foolish Curiosity ; but pray *Sir Roger*, no more Objections, but if you will oblige me, do as I desire.

*Sir*



*Sir Rog.* Well, Madam, I will, upon two Conditions; first, That you use your Interest with your pretty Cozen, you have brought to Town with you, to accept the Prize she has made of my Heart; and secondly, To put poor Mr. Love-well out of his pain to Night, by discovering his Happiness to him.

*Char.* I engage my Honour for both, do but as I desire for two or three Hours, and after I'll be guided by you.

*Sir Rog.* I'll obey you, Madam, but remember the Conditions. [*Exit. Sir Rog.*]

*Enter Juliana, Bellafira.*

*Char.* What have you done with my Brother?

*Bell.* My Aunt is entertaining him with Politicks, which we thought we had but little concern in; so have left them to settle the Nation, whilst I come to settle my Heart; but I find you have disposed of him whose hands I did design to put it in: Prithée what hast done with him, I shall grow monstrous jealous, if you do not give a very good account of him?

*Char.* Hey day! what are you in Love too! Sure the little God will empty his Quiver in our Family, for never was such a Company of Loving Souls?

*Ful.* You see 'tis dangerous jesting with edge Tools; You cannot, *Charlot*, but in honour assist her, for 'twas you that screw'd her up to a Love Key.

*Char.* I am glad to find her so inclin'd, for *Sir Roger* just now engaged me to be his Intercessor.

*Bell.* You'll find it no hard task to persuade me to a good Opinion of him; but have you engaged him in your Affair?

*Char.* Yes, he is gone about it; but I have yet another part for you, and then I'll undeceive him.

*Bell.* I'll do any thing you'd have me promise, but that; for I'll swear I am in pain for him.

*Char.* I do sincerely promise you I will, I wait but for *Sir Roger's* return, and then you shall know my farther design; come let's now in and release my Brother.

*Enter Sir Roger Marwood.*

*Love.* *Sir Roger*, your most humble Servant, you are the only Man that now is only welcome to me; how can you have so much Goodness to throw away a Thought on one so wretched?

*Sir Rog.* I ne'er forsake my Friends in their distress, I wish I could bring comfort to your trouble; all I can say, is, still to hope the best; a day or two may perhaps unriddle the Mystery, and you may yet be happy. But come, Mr. Love-well, you must go out with me, I will not leave you alone to your melancholy Thoughts.

*Love.* I am at your Service, dispose of me as you please.

*Sir Rog.* Are you ready?

*Love.* Always to wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

*She Ventures,**Enter again as in the Street, Sir Roger and Lovewell.*

*Sir Rog. aside.* It goes against my nature to betray this Man, though 'tis but in a Jest; here are the Rascals coming.

*Enter Four Bayliffs.*

They seize *Lovewell's* Sword before he sees them.

*Sir Rog.* Hah! what mean you Hell-hounds?

*First Bayliff.* No harm to you, Sir, Mr. *Lovewell*? I Arrest you at the Suit of Alderman *Saintly* in an Action of 10000 l.

*Lowe.* I never heard of such a Name.

*Second Bayliff.* I suppose, Sir, your Lady does.

*Lowe.* Oh does she so, Hell confound her for it; nay, Hands off, I'll follow you upon my Honour, where e'er you'll carry me.

*First Bayliff.* Will you not send for Bail, Sir?

*Lowe.* No Sir, I'll directly to the Goal where I must lie.

*Sir Rog.* Will not my Bail be accepted? I'll willingly engage for one.

*Lowe.* By no means, Sir *Roger*, I will not involve my Friends in my Misfortunes; they must e'n take my Body for the Debt, for I am not worth it no way else.

*Sir Rog.* I'll strait away to this Alderman *Saintly*, and see what's to be done.

[Exit. *Sir Rog.*]

*Lowe.* Farewel Sir, you'll find me at the *Gate-House*; come Sirs, conduct me where you will, I'll tamely follow; I think the Mystery is now disclos'd with a Vengeance.

[Exeunt om.]

*Enter Sir Charles Frankford, Charlot, Juliana and Bellifra.*

*Sir Char.* Why should you delay my Happiness, dear Cozen, for the Punctilio of formal Courtship; I have long lov'd you, let that atone for it; and if my Sister does not flatter me, you do not hate me.

*Jul.* What would the World; and you your self think of me, to catch at your first Proffer, as if I fear'd you would recant?

*Smiling.* I dare trust your Constancy; and stay till 'tis convenient.

*Sir Char.* To the World you may very well answer your Conduct; for it is but confirming the Reports which have been often of it, being so designed for me, 'tis what I beg of you; and what time's more convenient than now, at the consummating my Sisters Wedding?

*Jul.* Upon this condition, that you can oblige Sir *Roger* and my Cozen *Bell* to marry at the same time I'll promise you.

*Sir Char.* Do you dispose her to it? I'll warrant him, for he is passionately in Love with her; what say you Cozen, will you obstruct my Bliss? for now it alone depends on you.

*Bell.* You know, Sir *Charles*, you may dispose of me, who are my Guardian.

*Enter*

Enter Sir Roger Marwood.

*Char.* Now for some news from enchanted my Esquire. [*She takes Sir Rog. aside.*

*Sir Rog.* 'Tis done as you commanded ; but 'tis well if you do not repent it, for I left him in a desperate Humour.

*Char.* Good Heaven forbid ! Sir Roger, pray wait on my Cozen Bell. to him, but do not you appear ; by that time she has done, we'll all be there, (*to Bell.*) you have my full Directions.

[*Exit Sir Roger leading Bellafira.*

*Sir Char.* Indeed, Sister, you have gone too far, in thus imprisoning a Man who shortly must command you. What is it you Design now ? If you play him any further Pranks I'll betray you to him.

*Char.* I will not ; I have only sent my Cozen Bell. to once more try him ; after which, I, and Sir Roger, will go to him. You, and my Cozens, shall be in hearing ; and when you find we come to any Agreement, then come in.

*Sir Char.* Suppose he takes Cozen Bell. at her Word, what think you then ?

*Char.* Think ! why, I shall think him a Man : But if he can resist the Temptation, an Angel.

*Sir Char.* Come, let us go. I'm very impatient to see him disabused.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Turnkey.

*Turnkey.* Sir, here is a Gentlewoman desires to speak with you ; Shall I let her in ?

*Love.* A Gentlewoman ! Ay, pray conduct her in ; this is a pretty Place to entertain Ladies in ; but 'tis her own seeking ; Who should it be ? my fair Devil of a Wife perhaps !

Enter Bellafira.

*Love.* This is indeed amazing Goodness ! How could you think of a lost Wretch, dear Madam, forlook by all the World ?

*Bell.* Not all you see, no my dear *Love*well, I never will forsake you, but constantly attend your Fortunes ; mine cannot be favourable whilst yours are adverse ; would you but make mine yours, as I will always espouse your Concerns, there should not be a Joy possess'd by *Charlot*, but what should be her *Love*well's, and all his Grievs be hers.

*Love.* Your Generosity confounds me, I must not add so much to that vast heap of Favours I stand indebted to you for ; I'm incapable any way to make the least return.

*Bell.* Is it so hard to Love ? I have Youth and Fortune, is that no Charm ?

*Love.* Your Person is infinitely charming, and that more than Angel's Goodness, not to be resisted ; but know, dear Madam, (*sighs*) since I must tell you, to justify my self from that Ingratitude, you justly might reproach me with ; I am to my Destruction Married, Married, dear Lady ; that's the curst cause of all my Misery.

*Bell.*

*Bell.* Then I am lost indeed, a fatal Moment that I saw you first; why were we born to be both unhappy?

*Love.* I could, dear Madam, for ever be blest with you, but would not wrong your Goodness to involve you in my wretched ruin.

*Bell.* This is meer excuse: But for all your Cruelty to me, I'll free you from this uncomfortable place, and if you'll still persist in your Ingratitude, expect the Curse that follows that base Sin of never being happy. [Exit.]

*Love.* For Heavens sake, dear Madam, stay and hear me speak.

*[Following her to the Door.]*

*He returns.* She's gone, and much I fear, will keep her word; had I but known her before I was bewitcht by that damn'd Sorceress, how happy might we both have been? But I'll no longer cail with my Fate, but by a tame Submission to it baffle its utmost Malice. *[Sits down and reads.]*

*Enter Sir Ro. Marwood and Charlot.*

*Lovewell starts up and throws away his Book.*

*Love.* Hah! What do I see! 'Sdeath 'tis the dear Devil her self; now shall I play the Fool and be again deluded, for I find I have not power to be heartily angry at her. But how came he with her?

*Char.* You seem surpris'd, Sir, I fear my sight offends you.

*Love.* I wish it ne'er had pleas'd me, (sighs) false Woman, of all the Coxcombs that this Town abounds with, Why was I cull'd out to be your Property! but tell me if thou hast so much Grace left to once speak Truth, how came he with you?

*Sir Rog.* As a kind Friend should do to release thee of thy pains, and take them on my self; I love this Lady with all the Blindness which attends that Passion, marry her at any rate, and Sacrifice the World to give my self that Satisfaction. She has prudently consider'd your equal want of Fortunes will but make you both miserable.

*Char.* Therefore if you'll consent to make void our Marriage, you shall this minute be releas'd from this place, if not, stay till Necessity compels you.

*Love.* Treacherous Man, how could you call me Friend, and thus basely betray me?

*Char.* Well, what say you, Sir?

*Love.* Hell confound you both; no, I'll still keep thee to be reveng'd of thee, and plague thee for the Wrongs thou hast done me, ungrateful Creature, to torture thus a Man thou knowest lov'd thee from the first Moment he see that damn'd bewitching Face; we're but honest, I could love thee still; but I will tear thee from my Heart and never think of thee again, (sighs) if possible; (he weeps) ah stop those Crocodiles Tears, for though I know them to be so, they pierce me to the Soul.

*Char.* Can you forgive me, Sir? for all this usage I long have lov'd you, which made me resolve some way or other to Marry you; how I effected it, I need not tell you, I had no sooner done it but I repented, believing justly you would be provoked to use me ill, when once you found I had only borrow'd the name of *Charlot*, this made me fly your anger.

*Love.*

*Love.* And to secure your self, secured me. Hah! was it so? I thank you kind Wife, indeed 'twas wonderful Love.

*Char.* Pray hear me out. Sir Roger here, who has long solicited me to his unlawful Love, presuming on the Scantiness of my Fortune, when he found all other ways ineffectual to obtain me, proffered to marry me; which I likewise refused, acquainting him withal of my Marriage with you, which made him clap this Action on you, to drive you to the Choice of either renouncing me, or else to keep you here.

*Love.* Oh Heavens! that ever such a Piece of Villany should harbour in that Heart I always thought was Noble: How could you call me Friend, and thus betray me?

*Rog. aside.* She makes me appear a pretty Rogue, that's the truth of it; but I must let her run on. You know, Mr. Lovewell, Love and Friendship are not compatible, where the Object of it is adored by both.

*Love.* Then art thou Honest? Come swear and damn thy self, you know I am credulous, and shall believe you.

*Char.* By Heavens, and all that is Sacred, I am chaste; and love thee at that extravagant Rate, I'd quit a Throne to dwell with thee in Chains, Oh my dear Lovewell, could you meet mine with an equal Passion, how happy might we be!

*Love.* Yes, in some Country, where we could live by Air and Love; for I know not how we shall maintain a costlier Diet.

*Char.* Providence will not let us starve, we must trust to that; I ask you nothing but your Love, I will maintain my self.

*Char.* Indeed you wrong my Virtue, I'm truly honest, and would not injure you, though in a thought to gain the World; Forgive what's past, and take me to your bosom.

*Love. holds her in his Arms.* Heaven knows how willingly I could, yes, I could love thee, doat on thee, and be thy Fool.

*Puts her from him.* Stand off, vain easie Ass; what am I doing, trappanning of my self again?

*Char.* You shall not throw me from ye, I'll follow thus, (*hangs on him*) and never will forsake you; and here I swear I will not leave this place, till you conduct me hence.

*Love.* May I believe you serious?

*Char.* You must, you shall; I ever will be yours, with as much Truth as ever Turtle lov'd her dearest Mate.

*Love.* Well, I will live with thee, for Heaven knows I Love thee; and though you have used me thus, will always use you well.

*Sir Rog. Smiling.* So, Madam, I see I'm quite forsaken.

*Enter Sir Charles, Juliana, Bellafira.*

*Sir Char.* Here are more Witnesses to your bargain, Mr. Lovewell, than you are aware of; but methinks, my new Brother, you might have askt me leave.

*Love.*

*Love.* O, Sir, do not triumph over the Easiness of a deluded Man ; I humbly ask your Pardon for the Wrong I did design in marrying this fair Impostor, whom I did indeed believe your Sister ; my love for her transported me beyond all thoughts of what I ow'd you.

*Sir Charles takes Charlot, and gives her to Lovewell.*

Here, *Lovewell*, take her ; for my sake use her well : I'll leave it to her to justify her Procedure to you. But upon my Honour she is my only Sister, the rich Heiress, *Charlot*, whom you first believ'd.

*Love.* The happy sequel does indeed make a large amends for all I have suffered : But are you sure we do not Dream ? for I am so accustomed to Misfortunes I cannot yet believe them real.

*Char.* But you were not so diffident, Mr. *Lovewell*, before my Estate was added by my Brother's Discovery.

*Love.* An Estate to one in my Circumstances is no unwelcome Addition : But be assured, dear Madam, from the Sincerity I ever used to you, 'tis the least Part of my Joy ; but I have, by my knowledge who you are, an unquestioned proof of your Virtue, and Sir Roger's being still my Friend.

*Sir Rog.* And so you shall always find me.

(*To Bell.*) For here's my Pretensions.

*Bell.* Do you think, Sir Roger, I can so soon disingage (*aside*) my Heart from cruel Mr. *Lovewell* ?

*Love.* Fair cruel Lady ! how could you torture so a wretched Man not then himself, with a pretended Love that gave me more disquiet than my own Troubles ? But I am now all Joy, and will, unaskt, forgive the World and Fortune for all past Injuries ; now my dear *Charlot's* mine, Heaven has not another Blessing left that I think worth the asking.

*Char.* You are wonderous Zealous now, pray Heaven it lasts.

*Love.* It must, it ever shall. How can you distrust my love, who have given you such evident Proofs of it ?

*Sir Rog.* Since Heaven is in this bounteous Humour of dispensing Blessings, why should it be only a niggard to me, and make me only a dull Spectator of your Happiness ? Say ; will not you join with me in my Suit to your fair Cozen here ?

[*Looking at Bellasira.*]

*Sir Char.* She is my Charge, which here I resign to you. I know she'll be guided by my Advice ; (*Gives her to Sir Roger,*) and now Cozen *Juliana* I claim your Promise.

*Jul.* Methinks you might stay till to Morrow, 'tis time enough, considering how long it is to last.

*Sir Char.* No, we'll not trust the Treachery of another Day ; Fortune is fickle, and may Frown to Morrow.

*Jul.* Well then here's my Hand, *From this Day forward, for better for worse, &c.*

*Bell.*



*Bell.* What think you of those Words, Sir Roger, do they not make you tremble?

*Sir Rog.* Yes, for fear of some fatal Interruption before they come to be pronounced.

*Sir Char.* Let's lose no time then; I have a Friend will quickly dispatch the Ceremony. [Exit.

Enter Freeman, Urania, and Doll.

*Ura.* Well, Doll, what have you done with the Squire?

*Doll.* As you commanded, Madam, conducted him to your Chamber, with charge not to speak but in a Whisper; and because I'd be sure he should discover nothing by his Candle, I took it away with me, for fear I told him it might be seen at Windows, which might occasion a Suspicion; not being a Room in use, he readily consented; and said, he could find the way to Bed by dark, and slip a Crown into my Hand to secure my Master not coming up.

[Exit Doll.

*Free.* So 'tis well, there remains no more now; the House fills a Pace, but the Company I design to entertain with this Jest is Sir Charles Frankford, and Sir Roger Marwood, who have just sent to bespeak a Supper here. I'm sure they bring Company with 'em, they have ordered such a noble one; we had best take Orders for it, and then we shall have time to entertain them.

Enter Sir Charles, Sir Roger, Lovewell, Charlot, Juliana, Bellasira, Freeman and Urania.

*Ura.* I've used all Methods to restrain his Folly, by shewing all the Scorn a virtuous Woman could to a dishonest Love; that but increased his Persecutions till I was weary of being Angry. I thought, by counterfeiting to return his Kindness, which his Vanity easily induced him to believe, I might draw him into some Snare to betray his lewd Intentions to the World, without the hazard of my own Reputation, which is generally sacrificed to the Malice of a disappointed Coxcomb. And to perfect my Revenge, I have contrived to let his Wife be witness to't, and so leave the Fool to her punishing, which he'll find Plague enough.

*Free.* Call in Doll, and let's begin the Farce.

Enter Doll.

Come, Doll, to your Post.

*Aloud.* Where's your Mistress, Doll?

[Doll squeaks.

Ha! what are you frightened at?

*Doll.* Nothing, Sir, but I was almost Asleep, and you surprized me.

*Free.* That will not serve your turn, Mistress. What do you guard this Door so close for, is any Body in that Chamber?

Doll. In this Chamber, Sir, no ; who should be here ?

Free. Where is your Mistress, I say ?

Doll. My Mistress, Sir ; in her Chamber not well, and gone to Bed.

Free. No, but she is not ; for, missing her, I have been to seek her, not only there, but in all the Rooms in the House, except this. Pray deliver the Key, without more Fooling ; for I will see what you keep Century for.

So by this time I suppose the Fool is frightened enough.

Aloud. Deliver it me, I say, you had best.

Doll. Pray, Sir, don't fright me so, there it is.

[Gives the Key.

[Ex. Freeman. as into the Room.

Freeman within.

That shall not serve your Turn : I'll fetch you out of the Chimney here. Doll, bring my Pistols presently.

'Sq. W. within. O pray, Mr. Freeman, spare me this time, and you shall never catch me in your House again, nor with your Wife.

Free. Come down then, or I'll fetch you, with a Pox to you.

'Sq. W. O pray, Mr. Freeman, have a little Patience, and I will.

Enter Freeman pulling in 'Sq. W. wrapt in a Blanket.

Free. Nay, nay, no Strugling ; I must shew the Company my Wife's Gallant.

[They all Laugh.

'Sq. W. aside. Who the Devil have I been with all this time ? Here's Urania, now I find she fools me.

To Ura. How dare you thus expose me ; Do not you fear my Revenge ?

Ura. aloud. Not at all ; I have Witnesses enough to prove both your Intentions and mine. But I have one within you know not of, whom I'll fetch to you.

[Ex. Ura.

Free. Well, 'Squire Wouldhe, I hope hereafter you'll leave my Wife to such a poor clownish Fellow as my self ; you see she does not understand your Merit, but thinks me good enough for her.

'Sq. W. aside. I am ashamed of my self, that's the truth of it, which makes me silent.

Enter Urania, with Dowdy in a Night-Gown.

'Sq. W. My Wife ! nay then I'm ruin'd past Redemption.

Aside. How the Devil came she here ? But that she has not Sense enough for an Intrigue, I should suspect she was as much mistaken in her Bedfellow as my self.

Dow. Have I catcht you, you Rebel you ; I warrant you I'll do your Errand to my Mother.

'Sq. W. Nay, good Bunny, not so fast ; pray let me know first how you came here a Bed with me.

Dow. Why, Dr. Partridge conjured me here on purpose to catch you.

'Sq. W.



*Sq. W.* That's likely ; you and I must come to a Reckoning about it.

*Dow.* Reckon me no Reckonings ; there the Doctor can tell you as much. [ *Pointing to Freeman.*

*Sq. W.* This Dr. Partridge ! why, this is *Freeman*, the Master of this House. There is some Trick in this, ( *to Freeman.* ) I suppose you have been before-hand with me, and given me the Horns I designed you.

*Dow.* What do you mean by Horns ? Do you think I'd be a Whore ?

*Free.* Faith, Squire, no : You may keep your dainty Bit to your self ; when I have a Mistress it shall be one that will have Wit enough to conceal what we do ; for o' my Conscience she'd tell.

*Dow. aside.* I can't imagine how I came here, to say truth ; for I thought I had been a Bed at home, till that Gentlewoman came and waked me, and bid me say what I did.

*Ura.* You know, Esq ; *Wouldbe*, how many Disappointments I have given you just in the height of your Expectations, which would never persuade you was done in scorn of your lewd Design ; this was the only way I thought would rid me of your Saucy Importunity. I did believe it very necessary to let you Wife be an Eye-Witness of your Faith to her, that she may hereafter take more than usual Care to keep her Coxcomb to her self ; I will not give you the Satisfaction to let you know how I effected it, but if she or her Mother remembers, they may, I'll only add this ; There has been no wrong offer'd to her Honesty, which you may easily believe, if you consider the Charms of her Wit and Person.

*Char.* I think 'tis great pity they should not be intirely each others, for they are the best match'd Pair I ever saw.

*Jul.* Indeed, *Urania*, you are a Woman of a singular Virtue, that can resist the force of that tempting Mein and Air.

*Sir Rog.* Faith Sir, you'd better march off, these Ladies will be too hard for you else.

*Sir Char.* Ay, prithee *Freeman*, we have en enough of their Companies, dispose of them as you please.

*Esq ; W. aside.* Gad I'd be reveng'd of her if I live.

*Freem. to Esq ; W.* Well, Sir, you may go if you please, and take your pretty Lady with you, your Cloths are in the Bar-room where you may dress you, there you have your Dismission from this Company.

*Ura.* And what can you leave your dear Mrs. Honifuckle ? tum d've I a Buss, sure you cannot think but I Love you strangely after all this Proof of my Kindness.

*Esq ; W. aside.* P——x C——d ye, I could cry for Madnes.

[ *They all Laugh.* ]

*Dow.* Ladies, your Servant ; I thank you for all your Complements, and shall be very glad to see you at my House. ( *going.* )

[ *They all Laugh.* ]

*Ura.* Heark ye, pray take your Booby home with you, and see to keep him there.

*Dow.* I'll have nothing to say to him, I'll go home to my Mother and tell her.

[ *Exit Dow.* ]

*Sir*

*Sir Char.* Prithce put out the Coxcomb and bring some Musick with you ; what think you Ladies of a Dance ?

*Char.* With all our Hearts.

*Bell.* You see what constant Things you Men are to your Vows, I warrant this Fellow swore as much Faith and Constancy as any of you can.

*Char.* Hang the Poor Animals, disgrace not so the Race of Men, to compare him to one ; such senseless Wretches are only lumps of Dirt, not fit for any nobler Form.

*Enter Freeman with Musick.*

*Love.* So, here's the Musick ; what shall we Dance ? the Brawls ?

*Char.* No, by no means, Mr. *Lowewell*, not on our Wedding-Day, lest it prove an ill Omen.

*Sir Char.* Come, come, I'll lead up if you'll follow, every one take his Bride : *Freeman*, you and your Wife must make a Couple.

*They Dance, after which this Song.*

*Look down great Hymen from Above,  
These Pairs preserve in Peace and Love.*

*May never Fars their Joys molest,  
But still a sweet and Halcyon rest*

*Upon their mutual Bliss attend,  
And ev'ry Hour new Pleasures send.*

*Freem.* All Happiness to you all.

*Enter Drawer.*

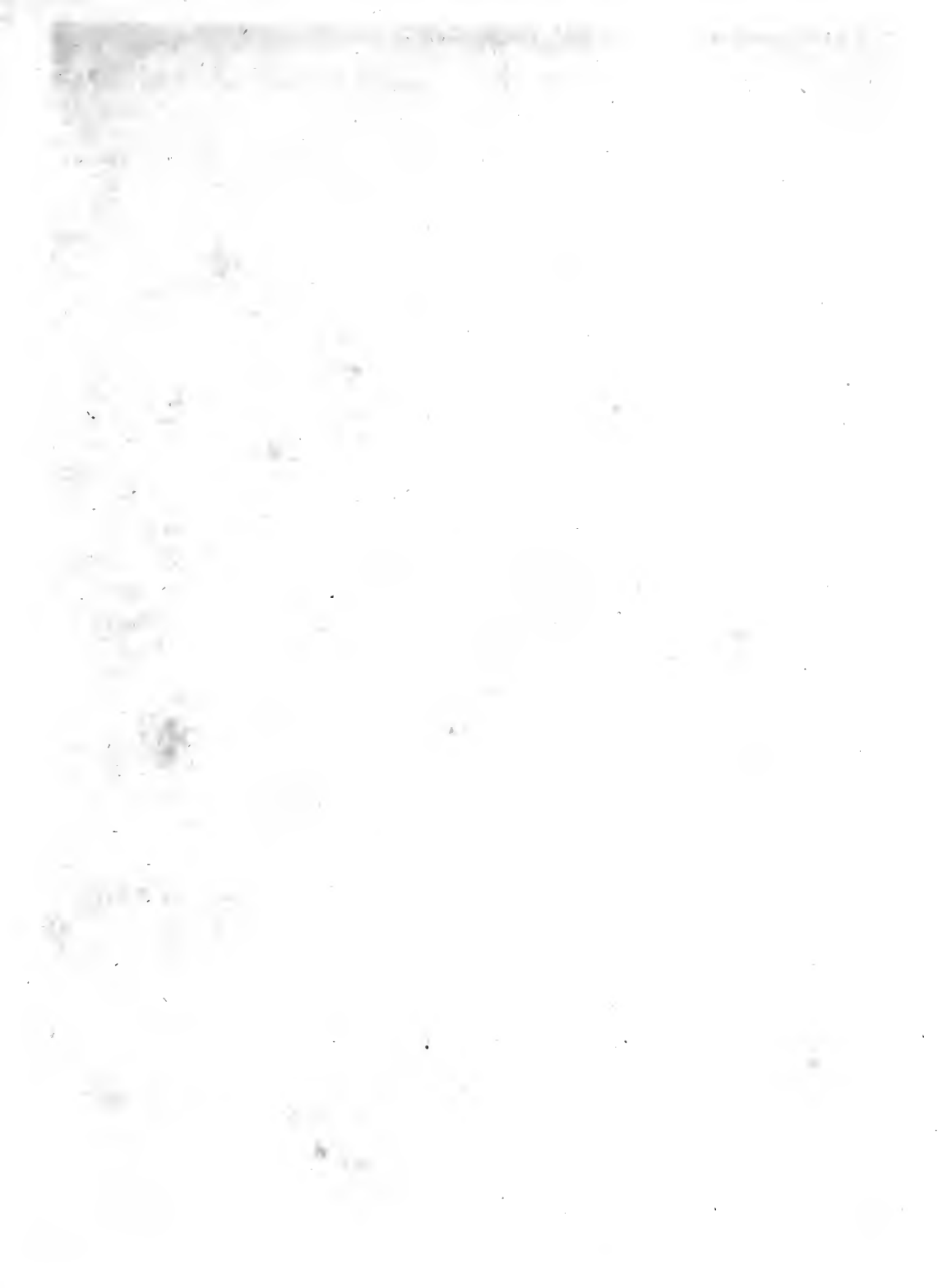
*Drawer.* Supper waits you Gentlemen.

*Sir Char.* Come, Ladies, let's in and take a short Repast ; it grows late, and time to be at home, where indeed I ought to have given my Wife her Wedding Supper, but that the Warning was so short.

*Love.* At last the Storm is over blown,  
And on that happy Coast I'm thrown  
Where all my Joys are laid in store,  
Heaven cannot give, nor could I ask one more.

*[Exeunt omnes.]*

F I N I S.









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